Will cry ' Oh rare *to see the champion ball;
Or the victorious mastiff with crown* d skull,
And garlanded with flowers, passing along
From Pans Garden, he renews his song,
To see my Lord Mayor's henchmen, or to see
(At an old Alderman's blest obsequy)
The Hospital boys in their blue equipage,
Or at a carted bawd, or whore in a cage
Hell cry * Oh rare * at a gong-farmer's cart,
[c] Oh rare,' to hear a ballad or a fart
Briefly, so long he hath used to cry, * Oh rare,[3]
That now that phrase is grown thin and threadbare,
But sure his wit will be more rare and thin,
If he continue as he doth begin*

i6tb September JONSON'S * EVERY MAN IN His HUMOUR/

At the Curtain the Lord Chamberlain's men have a new play called *Every Man in hts Humour,* written by Jonson, that displayeth the humours of our City gentlemen A practice in it is to make a braggart captain, byname Bobadilla, boast much, but when it cometh to the proof to endure the bastinado, excusing himself that he was bound to the peace Another is to make tw o gulls, one from the country and the other of the town, practise to each other this humour of melancholy, holding that 'tis the only best humour, for [c] your true melancholy breeds your perfect fine wit.'

2Qtb September GENERAL NEWS

In Ireland the Lord Ormond is hurt and since the great overthrow 400 more throats cut. Sir Francis Vere is coming towards the Low Countries, and Sir Alexander Ratcliffe and Sir Robert Drury with him Honour pricks them on, and the world thinks that honour will quickly pnck them off again. Sir Thomas Shirley has taken four hulks, Easterhngs of Lubec, but it is hoped that the freight is Spanish They

are stayed and a commission granted to examine whether they are prize The Court is now at Nonsuch, and last Sunday my Lord Chief Justice's expectation of being made a Councillor was disappointed There was a French gentleman, a master of requests and resident of Lyons, brother to M. de Vicq, governor